Echoes of the Overthinker

Unfiltered Essays from the Boy Who Watched Everything but Spoke Nothing

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Chapter - 1

~~Who~~ What Are You?

So, it was just like a common day as all the other ones are. I was just moving here and there for no reason and wasting my time in the most significant thing of my times that was Overthinking, wasn't it? While doing such an important and life changing work a logical question roaming from nowhere get connected with my mind and lived like it was his own personal house with his family there until I found a very perfect, the most accurate answer to it so that I can push it out easily without a single piece of problem. It took me about 2 years to find the answer of this question with every day of constant thinking about it without even discussing it with someone.

By the way, at that time I was just 15. I was still a child and as per childish psychology, a child is supposed to question it's all queries to their parents but I don't know why I always want to be an exception and I was an exception in this matter too. I don't want to question anything to my parents especially a question like this. You need not to worry, it was not like that of vulgar question that comes across the minds of teenagers at my times, again I was an exception.

So, the question was not too difficult to question, but to answer it with some satisfactory answer was not a piece of cake. As per my own personal habit, I was used to search any question over internet and roam there until I get some answer but this time not even the world's best Internet Browser was unable to answer this question of mine not even AI can. No one except me can answer this question to calm my urge down. And not even someone can expect that such a question can come in someone's brain. But in my opinion that this question must have come in everyone's mind like that of mine including you and you might have made an escape from it but again I don't know why I made myself to think

about it, what a rubbish is this! The question came from nowhere and when answer went to nowhere but its answer was that much quite strong to be upheld by me for the next five to ten years or may be earlier until a drastic change comes and shakes my life. And I am damn sure that such a change will definitely change the answer of that one question.

Sorry, for the fact that I have forgotten that I didn't even mention that question but now no more delays. The question was that; Most often individuals ask, who are you? But why not that, what are you? Or define yourself. I know that it doesn't holds that much great importance but it can make you think about yourself and not the others. Once I started thinking about it, there was a tsunami of answers filled my mind but unfortunately none of them was able to calm my curiosity now. In short from thousands of answers, not even a single answer possesses that much potential that the question has. I know it very well that this question seems to be very lighter but in actual it has very much deep meanings. The first answer that come to my mind regarding this question was a very much genuine one. That was what peoples thinks about me.

Most of the often, people thinks that I am very studious by nature and very much intelligent. They think that I studies day and night but I don't know why they thinks like that? I'm not like that at all. I am the worst ever student any teacher can ever have in their teaching career. But teacher too thinks that I'm very good student. Moreover, to this, some individuals too think that I'm very descent by nature, I don't know about anything which is vulgar. But the reality is that I know such a thing from a very young age when the others don't even know about it. So, I just thought that whether I should define myself like this or not, so I preferred not because I knew it very well, I am not that person what other sees me like.

The next opinion was what I see me like; A very impaired person who knows everything including the good ones to bad to worst. But that thing can only define my knowledge level not me. Still, thinking and thinking enough worst that this question has started to come in dreams not a single day, but daily. I had started thinking that whether I have existence or not! This question was just like a nightmare for me which was not ending as far I could see at that moment. I had started observing me, questioning me, letting me to think whether I am true or just an image. A small question! How it can let me think about it in this kind of worst manner?

My heart was screaming,

My mind was thinking,

Unable to answer it,

I was sinking.

I started to notice my each and every breath, questioning my every blink of eye. I started to observe not only myself but the whole world. This question was the first question to not only take such a long time but to my condition ear touching. I was tired of thinking about it but again it was unanswered, pending….. This question has made me hate myself. Just imagine how hard a question can be that can make my condition so much worst and still people thinks that this question is so much easy. I was thinking and thinking and thinking and I passed my 9th class. Hmm, I got about 97%. And still unanswered by that question. Everyone was congratulating me while I found myself to be tied hardly in chains of that question. This question changed me, my nature, my thinking power.

As we all know that, every question comes with its own answer, and this one too came with it but it came into my brain a bit later. Not a bit, but after a large interval after encountering with it. The impact of this question led to the answer. As I have already told

you that, I have already become an observer, so at last the answer which satisfied me was that I can define me as an observer. The person who observes everything around him/her. Now I had unwillingly learnt the observing tricks. I was unknowingly used to see in other person's eyes.

This quality is a bit awkward! But it's ok, not that much worst that the other has. In fact, much better. The normal habits of most of the persons around me are worse than that of mine.

Shifting from 10th trauma, I got admission in grade 11th in another school, a bigger one and nice one in city. In this school, I had no friends from my last school(pretty much happy). All I have to do now is to make new friends(and maybe it will help me answer that question), from the first day from just two guys, my friend group increased to a lot of guys and girls. Even though everyone in grade 11 and grade 12 know me, but I, I actually don't know much about others. I don't know why, but I was quite famous in high classes. My grade 11 ended with getting 89% overall, and still now unable to answer that question, but observation helped me to find out some of the hidden couples in school. They still don't know, that I know about their little arrangement.

Huh! But alas! I was still unable to get that one answer. Then on one day, I was again doing the most productive work, that was non other than, overthinking. And this time, I got something, some answer which can at least satisfy my curiosity. I have somehow learned that the real question wasn't about identity. It was about awareness. And being an observer doesn't mean that I have figured everything out, it just means I've started seeing things differently. I still overthink. I still spiral. I still ask questions no one else does. But maybe that's not madness. Maybe it's growth. Maybe we're not supposed to define ourselves completely — maybe we're just supposed to notice, feel, and evolve. And I think I'm finally okay with that. I haven't stopped identifying myself, but yeah, no more wastage of time on this

topic, there are a lot to discuss. Let's move to the next one, too lovely for my generation right now….